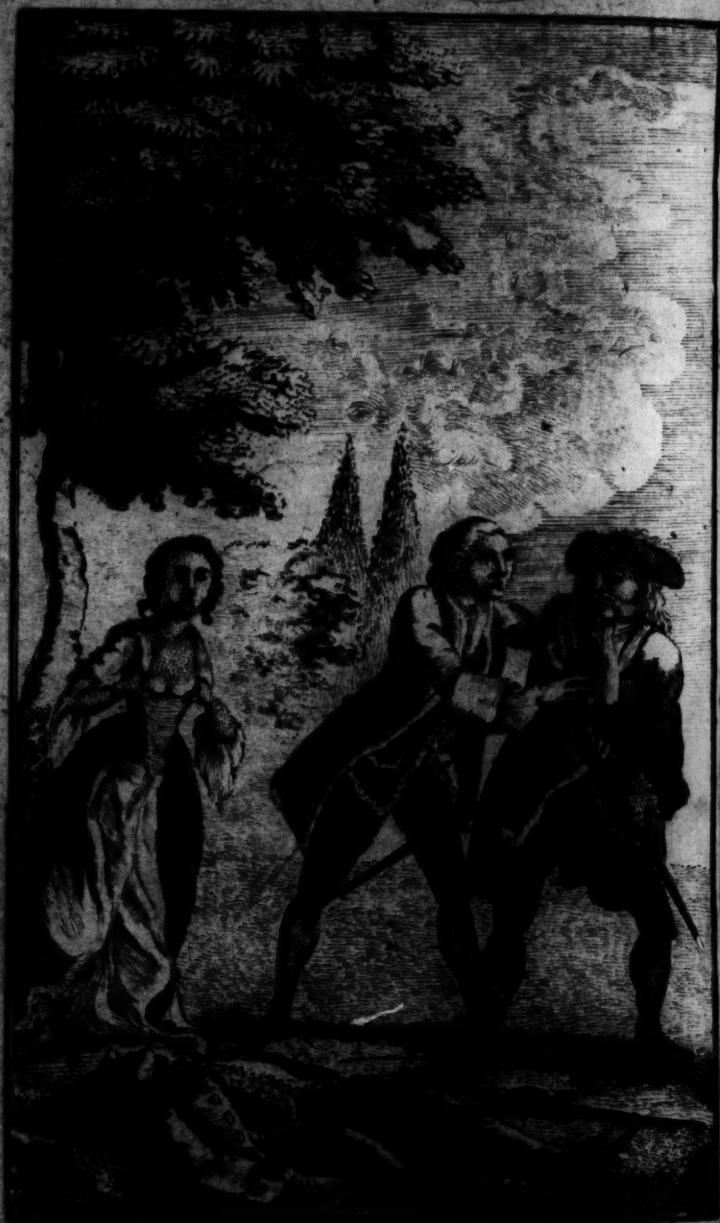


ROWE



THE FAIR PENITENT

(3.)

T H E
FAIR PENITENT.

A
T R A G E D Y.

B Y
NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.
VIRG. Æn. lib. 4.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY JOHN ROBERTSON,
MDCCLXXIV.

THE

FAIR PENITENT

TRAGEDY.

NICHOLAS ROWE

PRINTED BY J. ROBERTSON, 10, N. B. ST. N. Y.

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L I F E

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

THIS excellent poet was descended from an ancient family in Devonshire, which had for many ages made a very good figure in that county, and was known by the name of the *Rowes of Lambertowne*. Mr Rowe could trace his ancestors in a direct line, up to the times of the holy war, in which one of them so distinguished himself, that at his return he had the arms given him; which the family has borne ever since; that being in those days all the reward of military virtue, or of blood spilt in these expeditions.

From that time downward to Mr Rowe's father, the family betook themselves to the frugal management of a private fortune, and the innocent pleasures of a country life. Having a handsome estate, they lived beyond the fear of want, or reach of envy. In all the changes of government, they are said to have ever leaned towards the side of public liberty, and in that retired situation of life have beheld, with grief and concern, the many encroachments that have been made in it from time to time.

Our author was born at Little Berkford in Bedfordshire, at the house of Jasper Edwards, Esq; his mother's father, in the year 1673. He began his education at a private grammar-school in Highgate; but the taste he there acquired of the classic authors, was improved, and finished under the care of the famous Dr Busby of Wells

minster

minster school ; where, about the age of twelve years, he was chosen one of the King's scholars. Besides his skill in the Latin and Greek languages, he had made a tolerable proficiency in the Hebrew : but poetry was his early bent, and darling study. He composed, at different times, several copies of verses, upon various subjects, both in Greek and Latin, and some in English, which were much admired, and the more so, because they were produced with so much facility, and seemed to flow from his imagination, as fast as from his pen.

His father, who was a serjeant at law, designing him for his own profession, took him from that school when he was about sixteen years of age, and entered him a student in the Middle Temple, whereof himself was a member, that he might have him under his immediate care and instruction. Being capable of any part of knowledge to which he thought proper to apply, he made very remarkable advances in the study of the law, and was not content to know it as a collection of statutes, or customs only, but as a system founded upon right reason, and calculated for the good of mankind. Being afterwards called to the bar, he promised as fair to make a figure in that profession as any of his cotemporaries, if the love of the belles lettres, and that of poetry in particular, had not stopped him in his career. To him there appeared more charms in Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus, than in all the records of antiquity ; and when he came to discern the beauties of Shakespeare and Milton, his soul was captivated beyond recovery, and he began to think with contempt of all other excellencies, when put in the balance with the enchantments of poetry and genius. Mr Rowe had the best opportunities of rising to eminence in the law, by means of the patronage of Sir George Treby, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, who was fond of him to a very great degree, and had it in his power to promote him ; but being overcome by his propension to poetry, and his first tragedy, called *the Ambitious Stepmother*, meeting with universal applause, he laid aside all thoughts of the law. *The Ambitious Stepmother* was our author's first attempt in the drama, written by him in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and dedicated to the Earl of Jersey. The purity

of the language, (says Mr Welwood), the justness of his characters, the noble elevation of the sentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the plan of the play.

The Ambitious Stepmother, being the first, is conducted with less judgment than any other of Rowe's tragedies: it has an infinite deal of fire in it; the business is precipitate, and the characters active; and, what is somewhat remarkable, the Author never after wrote a play with so much elevation. Critics have complained of the sameness of his poetry; that he makes all his characters speak equally elegant, and has not attended sufficiently to the manners. This uniformity of versification, in the opinion of some, has spoiled our modern tragedies; as poetry is made to supply nature, and declamation characters. Whether this observation is well founded, we shall not at present examine, only remark, that if any poet has a right to be forgiven for this error, Mr Rowe certainly has, as his cadence is the sweetest in the world, his sentiments just, and his language elegant. Our Author wrote several other tragedies; but that which he valued himself most upon, says Welwood, was his *Tamerlane*; acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and dedicated to the Marquis of Harrington.

In this play, (continues Welwood), he aimed at a parallel between the late King William and *Tamerlane*, and also Bajazet and a monarch who is since dead. That glorious ambition in *Tamerlane*, to break the chains of enslaved nations, and set mankind free from the encroachments of lawless power, are painted in the most lively, as well as the most amiable colours. On the other side, his manner of introducing on the stage, a prince whose chief aim is to perpetuate his name to posterity by that havoc and ruin he scatters through the world, are all drawn with that pomp of horror and detestation, which such monstrous actions deserve. And, since nothing could be more calculated for raising in the minds of the audience a true passion for liberty, and a just abhorrence of slavery, how this play came to be discouraged, next to a prohibition, in the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, I leave it to others to give a reason.

Thus far Dr Welwood; who has endeavoured to point out the similarity of the character of Tamerlane to that of King William. Though it is certainly true, that *the Tamerlane* of Rowe contains grander sentiments than any of his other plays, yet it may be a matter of dispute whether Tamerlane ought to give name to the play; for Tamerlane is victorious, and Bajazet the sufferer. Besides the fate of these two monarchs, there is likewise contained in it, the episode of Monefes and Arpasia, which is of itself sufficiently distressful to make the subject of a tragedy. The attention is diverted from the fall of Bajazet, which ought to have been the main design, and bewildered in the fortunes of Monefes and Arpasia, Axalla and Selima; there are, in short, in this play, events enough for four; and in the variety and importance of them, Tamerlane and Bajazet must be too much neglected. All the characters of a play should be subordinate to the leading one, and their business in the drama subservient to promote his fate; but this performance is not the tragedy of Bajazet, or Tamerlane only, but likewise the tragedies of Monefes and Arpasia, Axalla and Selima. It is now performed annually, on the 4th and 5th of November, in commemoration of the gun-powder treason, and the landing of King William in this realm, when an occasional prologue is spoken.

Another tragedy of Mr Rowe's is *the Fair Penitent*, acted at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and dedicated to the Duchess of Ormond: this is one of the most finished performances of our Author. The character of Scioto the father is strongly marked: Horatio's is the most amiable of all characters, and is so sustained as to strike an audience very forcibly. In this, as in the former play, Mr Rowe is guilty of a misnomer; for his Calista has not the least claim to be called *the Fair Penitent*, which would be better changed to *the Fair Wanton*; for she discovers not one pang of remorse till the last act, and that seems to arise more from the external distress to which she is then exposed, than from any compunctions of conscience. She still loves and doats on her base betrayer, though a most insignificant creature. In this character, Rowe has been true to the sex, in drawing a woman, as she generally is, fond of her seducer; but

but he has not drawn a *penitent*. The character of Altamont is one of those which, the present players observe, is the hardest to represent of any in the drama; there is a kind of meanness in him, joined with an unsuspecting honest heart, and a doating fondness for the false fair one, that is very difficult to illustrate: this part has, of late, been generally given to performers of but very moderate abilities; by which the play suffers prodigiously, and Altamont, who is really one of the most important persons in the drama, is beheld with neglect, or perhaps with contempt, but seldom with pity. Altamont, in the hands of a good actor, would draw the eyes of the audience, notwithstanding the blustering Lothario, and the superior dignity of Horatio; for there is something in Altamont to create our pity, and work upon our compassion.

The next tragedy Mr Rowe wrote was his *Ulysses*, acted at the Queen's theatre, in the Hay-Market, and dedicated to the Earl of Godolphin. This play is not at present in possession of the stage, though it deserves highly to be so, as the character of Penelope is an excellent example of conjugal fidelity; who, though her lord had been ten years absent from her, and various accounts had been given of his death, yet, notwithstanding this, and the addresses of many royal suitors, she preserved her heart for her Ulysses, who at last triumphed over his enemies, and rescued his faithful queen from the persecution of her wooers. This play has business, passion, and tragic propriety to recommend it.

The next play Mr Rowe brought upon the stage, was his *Royal Convert*, acted at the Queen's theatre, in the Hay-Market, and dedicated to the Earl of Halifax.

His next was the tragedy of *Jane Shore*, written in imitation of Shakespeare's style, acted at the theatre-royal in Drury-lane, and dedicated to the Duke of Queensberry and Dover. How Mr Rowe could imagine that this play is written at all in imitation of Shakespeare's style, we cannot conceive; for so far as we are able to judge, it bears not the least resemblance to that of Shakespeare. The conduct of the design is regular, and in that sense it partakes not of Shakespeare's wildness; the poetry is uniform, which marks it to be Rowe's, but in that

that it is very different from Shakespeare, whose excellency does not consist merely in the beauty of soft language, or nightingale descriptions, but in the general power of his drama, the boldness of the images, and the force of his characters.

Our Author afterwards brought upon the stage his *Lady Jane Grey*, dedicated to the Earl of Warwick: this play is justly in possession of the stage likewise. Mr Edmund Smith, of Christ's Church, author of *Phadra and Hippolitus*, designed writing a tragedy on this subject; and, at his death, left some loose hints of sentiments, and short sketches of scenes. From the last of these, Mr Rowe acknowledges he borrowed part of one, and inserted it in his third act, viz. that between Lord Guildford and Lady Jane.

It may be justly said of all Rowe's tragedies, that never poet painted virtue, religion, and all the relative and social duties of life, in a more alluring dress, on the stage; nor were ever vice or impiety better exposed to contempt and abhorrence.

The same principles of liberty he had early imbibed himself, seemed a part of his constitution, and appeared in every thing he wrote; and he took all occasions that fell in his way, to make his talents subservient to them. His muse was so religiously chaste, that I do not remember, says Dr Welwood, one word in any of his plays or writings, that might admit of a double meaning in any point of decency or morals. There is nothing to be found in them to flatter a depraved populace, or humour a fashionable folly.

Mr Rowe's plays were written from the heart. He practised the virtue he admired, and he never, in his gayest moments, suffered himself to talk loosely or lightly upon religious or moral subjects; or to turn any thing sacred, or which good men revered as such, into ridicule.

Our Author wrote a comedy of three acts, called *the Biter*. It was performed at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, but without success, for Rowe's genius did not lie towards comedy.—In a conversation he had with Mr Pope, that great poet advised him to rescue the *Queen of Scots* from the hands of Banks; and to make that lady

to shine on the stage, with a lustre equal to her character. Mr Rowe observed, in answer to this, that he was a great admirer of Queen Elisabeth ; and as he could not well plan a play upon the Queen of Scots' story, without introducing his favourite princess, who in that particular makes but an indifferent figure, he chose to decline it : besides, he knew that if he favoured the northern lady, there was a strong party concerned to crush it ; and if he should make her appear less great than she was, and throw a shade over her real endowments, he should violate truth, and incur the displeasure of a faction, which, though by far the minority, he knew would be yet too powerful for a poet to combat with.

The late Duke of Queensberry, when secretary of state, made Mr Rowe secretary for public affairs ; and when that nobleman came to know him well, he was never more delighted than when in his company : after the Duke's death, all avenues were stopped to his preferment ; and during the rest of Queen Anne's reign, he passed his time with the Muses and his books, and sometimes with the conversation of his friends.

While Mr Rowe was thus without a patron, he went one day to pay his court to the Earl of Oxford, Lord High Treasurer of England, then at the head of the Tory faction, who asked him, if he understood Spanish well ? he answered, No : but imagining that his Lordship might intend to send him into Spain, on some honourable commission, he presently added, that in a short time he did not doubt but he should presently be able, both to understand and speak it. The Earl approving of what he said, Mr Rowe took his leave, and immediately retired out of town to a private country farm ; where, within a few months, he learned the Spanish tongue, and then waited again on the Earl to give him an account of his diligence. His Lordship asking him, if he was sure he understood it thoroughly, and Mr Rowe answering in the affirmative, the Earl burst into an exclamation ; ' How happy are you, Mr Rowe, that you can enjoy the pleasure of reading, and understanding ' Don Quixote in the original ! '

This wanton cruelty inflicted by his Lordship, of raising

THE LIFE OF

ing expectation in the mind, that he never intended to gratify, needs only be told to excite indignation.

Upon the accession of King George I. to the throne, Mr Rowe was made poet laureat, and one of the surveyors of the customs in the port of London. The Prince of Wales conferred on him the place of clerk of his council, and the Lord Chancellor Parker made him his secretary for the presentations, the very day he received the seals, and without his asking it.

He was twice married; first to a daughter of Mr Auditor Parsons, and afterwards to a daughter of Mr Devenish, of a good family in Dorsetshire. By his first wife he had a son, and by his second a daughter.

Mr Rowe died the 6th of December 1718, in the forty-fifth year of his age, like a Christian and a philosopher, and with an unfeigned resignation to the will of God. He preserved an evenness of temper to the last, and took leave of his wife and friends, immediately before his last agony, with the same tranquillity of mind, as if he had been taking but a short journey.

He was interred in Westminster-Abbey, over against Chaucer; his body being attended with a vast number of friends, and the Dean and Chapter officiating at the funeral. A tomb was afterwards erected to his memory, by his wife, for which Mr Pope wrote an epitaph, which we shall here insert; not one word of which is hyperbolic, or more than he deserves.

E P I T A P H.

Thy reliques, Rowe! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust:
Oh! next him skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere:
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave!
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest,
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To

To these, so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life!

The childless parent and the widow'd wife,

With tears inscribes this monumental stone,

That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

Mr Rowe, as to his person, was graceful and well-made, his face regular, and of a manly beauty; he had a quick and fruitful invention, a deep penetration, and a large compass of thought, with a singular dexterity and easiness in communicating his opinions. He was master of most parts of polite learning, especially the classic authors, both Greek and Latin; he understood the French, Italian and Spanish languages. He had likewise read most of the Greek and Roman histories in their original languages; and most that are written in English, French, Italian and Spanish: he had a good taste in philosophy, and having a firm impression of religion upon his mind, he took delight in divinity, and ecclesiastical history, in both which he made great advances in the times he retired to the country, which were frequent. He expressed, upon all occasions, his full persuasion of the truth of revealed religion; and being a sincere member of the established church himself, he pitied, but condemned not those who differed from him; he abhorred the principle of persecuting men on account of religious opinions; and being strict in his own, he took it not upon him to censure those of another persuasion. His conversation was pleasant, witty, and learned, without the least tincture of affectation or pedantry; and his inimitable way of diverting or enlivening the company, made it impossible for any one to be out of humour when he was in it. Envy and detraction seemed to be entirely foreign to his constitution; and whatever provocations he met with at any time, he passed them over, without the least thought of resentment or revenge. There were not wanting some malevolent people, and some pretenders to poetry too, that would sometimes bark at his best performances; but he was too much conscious of his own genius, and had so much good-nature as to forgive them, nor could he ever be tempted to return them an answer.

This is the amiable character of Mr Rowe, drawn by Mr Welwood, to which we shall add the words of Mr Pope, in a letter to Edward Blount, Esq; dated February the 10th 1715. 'There was a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to Mr Rowe, which made it impossible to part with him, without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures.'

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr BETTERTON.

*LONG has the fate of kings and empires been
The common bus'ness of the tragic scene,
As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none cou'd be unhappy but the great.
Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the crown he wears,
And many are the mighty monarch's cares ;
By foreign foes, and home-bred factions prest,
Few are the joys he knows, and short his hours of rest.
Stories like these with wonder we may hear ;
But, far remote, and in a higher sphere,
We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can share ;
Like distant battles of the Pole and Swede,
Which frugal citizens o'er coffee read,
Careless for who shall fail, or who succeed.
Therefore an humble theme our Author chose,
A melancholy tale of private woes :
No princ:s here lost royalty bemoan,
But you shall meet with sorrows like your own.
Here see imperious Love his vassals treat
As hardly as Ambition does the great ;
See how succeeding passions rage by turns,
How fierce the youth with joy and rapture burns,
And how to death, for beauty lost, he mourns.*

*Let no nice taste the poet's art arraign,
If some frail vicious characters he feign :
Who writes should still let Nature be his care,
Mix shades with lights, and not paint all things fair,
But shew you men and women as they are.
With deference to the fair, he bade me say,
Few to perfection ever found the way ;
Many in many parts are known t' excel,
But 'twere too hard for one to act all well,
Whom justly life would through each scene commend,
The maid, the wife, the mistress, and the friend :
This age, 'tis true, has one great instance seen,
And Heav'n, in justice, made that one a Queen.*

Dramatis Personæ.

SCIOLTO, a nobleman of Genoa, father to Calista.

ALTAMONT, a young lord, in-love with Calista, and designed her husband by Sciolto.

HORATIO, his friend.

LOTHARIO, a young lord, and enemy to Altamont.

ROSSANO, his friend.

CALISTA, daughter to Sciolto.

LAVINIA, sister to Altamont, and wife to Horatio.

LUCILLA, confidant to Calista.

Servants to Sciolto:

SCENE, *Sciolto's Palace and Garden, with some part of the street near it, in Genoa.*

THE FAIR PENITENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to Sciolto's Palace.

Enter ALTAMONT and HORATIO.

ALTAMONT.

LET this auspicious day be ever sacred,
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings;
Let happy lovers ever make it holy,
Chuse it to bless their hopes and crown their wishes;
This happy day that gives me my Calista!

Hor. Yes, Altamont; to-day thy better stars
Are join'd to shed their kindest influence on thee;
Sciolto's noble hand, that rais'd thee first,
Half-dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,
Completes its bounty, and restores thy name
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot
The merit of thy god-like father's arms;
Before that country, which he long had serv'd
In watchful councils and in winter camps,
Had cast off his white age to want and wretchedness,
And made their court to faction by his ruin.

Alt. Oh great Sciolto! Oh my more than father!
Let me not live, but at thy very name
My eager heart springs up and leaps with joy.
When I forget the vast vast debt I owe thee,
Forget! (but 'tis impossible) then let me
Forget the use and privilege of reason,
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,

To wander in the desert among brutes,
To bear the various fury of the seasons,
The night's unwholesome dew and noon-day's heat,
To be the scorn of earth, and curse of Heav'n.

Hor. So open, so unbounded was his goodness,
It reach'd even me, because I was thy friend.
When that great man I lov'd, thy noble father,
Bequeath'd thy gentle sister to my arms,
His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,
That happy tie made me Sciolto's son;
He call'd us his, and, with a parent's fondness,
Indulg'd us in his wealth, blest'd us with plenty,
Heal'd all our cares, and sweeten'd lovè itself.

Alt. By Heaven he found my fortunes so abandon'd,
That nothing but a miracle could raise 'em;
My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,
Had stripp'd him bare, nor left him even a grave.
Undone myself, and sinking with his ruin,
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him
But fruitless tears.

Hor. Yet what thou couldst thou didst,
And didst it like a son. When his hard creditors,
Urg'd and assisted by Lothario's father,
(Foe to thy house, and rival of their greatness)
By sentence of the cruel law, forbade
His venerable corpse to rest in earth,
Thou gav'st thyself a ransom for his bones;
With piety uncommon didst give up
Thy hopeful youth to slaves who ne'er knew mercy,
Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,
Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,
And are, like fiends, the factors of destruction.
Heav'n, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,
And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,
To bless thy filial virtue with abundance.

Alt. But see, he comes, the author of my happiness,
The man who sav'd my life from deadly sorrow,
Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty.

Enter

Enter SCIOLOTO, he runs to ALTAMONT, and embraces him.

Sci. Joy to thee, Altamont! joy to myself!
Joy to this happy morn that makes thee mine!
That kindly grants what Nature had deny'd me,
And makes me father of a son like thee.

Alt. My father! Oh let me unload my breast,
Pour out the fulness of my soul before you,
Shew ev'ry tender, every grateful thought
This wondrous goodness stirs. But 'tis impossible,
And utterance all is vile, since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

Sci. It is enough: I know thee, thou art honest;
Goodness innate, and worth hereditary
Are in thy mind; thy noble father's virtues
Spring freshly forth and blossom in thy youth.

Alt. Thus Heav'n from nothing rais'd his fair creation,
And then with wondrous joy beheld its beauty,
Well pleas'd to see the excellence he gave.

Sci. Oh noble youth! I swear, since first I knew thee,
Ev'n from that day of sorrows, when I saw thee
Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial tears,
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,
I set thee down and seal'd thee for my own:

Thou art my son, ev'n near me as Calista.
Horatio and Lavinia too are mine: [*Embraces Hor.*]

All are my children, and shall share my heart.
But wherefore waste we thus this happy day?

The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass;

Thy waiting bride even chides thee for delaying.
And swears thou com'st not with a bridegroom's haste.

Alt. Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont,

One kind remembrance in Calista's breast,
The winds, with all their wings, would be too slow

To bear me to her feet. For oh! my father,
Amidst the stream of joy that bears me on,

Blest as I am, and honour'd in your friendship,
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.

Sci. What means my son?

Alt. When, at your intercession,
 Last night Calista yielded to my happiness,
 Just ere we parted, as I seal'd my vows
 With rapture on her lips, I found her cold
 As a dead lover's statue on his tomb;
 A rising storm of passion shook her breast,
 Her eyes a piteous show'r of tears let fall,
 And then she sigh'd as if her heart was breaking.
 With all the tenderest eloquence of love,
 I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief;
 But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,
 Sadly reply'd, her sorrows were her own,
 Nor in a father's power to dispose of.

Sci. Away! it is the cozenage of their sex,
 One of the common arts they practise on us,
 To sigh and weep, then, when their hearts beat high
 With expectation of the coming joy.
 Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,
 Unknowing in the subtleties of women:
 The virgin-bride, who swoons with deadly fear
 To see the end of all her wishes near,
 When blushing from the light and public eyes,
 To the kind covert of the night she flies,
 With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,
 Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Loth. The father and the husband!

Ros. Let them pass;

They saw us not.

Loth. I care not if they did:

Ere long, I mean to meet him face to face,
 And gall 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.

Ros. You lov'd her once

Loth. I lik'd her, would have marry'd her,
 But that it pleas'd her father to refuse me,
 To make this honourable fool her husband.
 For which, if I forget him, may the shame
 I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine.

Ros. She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.

Loth. She was, and oft in private gave me hearing,
 Till, by long list'ning to the soothing tale,

At length her easy heart was wholly mine.

Ros. I've heard you oft describe her, haughty, insolent;
And fierce with high disdain: it moves my wonder
That virtue, thus defended, should be yielded
A prey to loose desires.

Loth. Hear then, I'll tell thee.
Once, in a lone and secret hour of night,
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,
Haply I stole unheeded to her chamber.

Ros. That minute sure was lucky.

Loth. Oh, 'twas great!
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes;
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour,
Were charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking;
Within her rising bosom all was calm,
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.
I snatch'd the glorious golden opportunity,
And, with prevailing youthful ardour, press'd her,
'Till, with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,
The yielding fair-one gave me perfect happiness.
Ev'n all the live-long night we pass'd in bliss,
In ecstasies too fierce to last for ever,
At length the morn and cold indifference came;
When fully sated with the luscious banquet,
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

Ros. You saw her soon again?

Loth. Too soon I saw her:
For oh! that meeting was not like the former;
I found my heart no more beat high with transport.
No more I sigh'd and languish'd for enjoyment;
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,
While ev'ry weakness fell before her throne.

Ros. What of the lady?

Loth. With uneasy fondness
She hung upon me, wept, and sigh'd and swore
She was undone: talk'd of a priest and marriage;
Of fleeing with me from her father's pow'r;

Call'd

Call'd every faint and blessed angel down
To witness for her that she was my wife.
I started at that name.

Ros. What answer made you ?

Loth. None ; but pretending sudden pain and illness,
Escap'd the persecution ; two nights since,
By message urg'd, and frequent importunity,
Again I saw her. Straight, with tears and sighs,
With swelling breasts, with swooning, with distraction,
With all the subtleties and pow'rful arts
Of wilful woman lab'ring for her purpose,
Again she told the same dull nauseous tale.
Unmov'd I begg'd her spare th' ungrateful subject,
Since I resolv'd, that love and peace of mind
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the marriage-chain :
That I would still retain her in my heart,
My ever gentle mistress and my friend ;
But for those other names, of wife and husband,
They only meant ill-nature, cares, and quarrels.

Ros. How bore she this reply ?

Loth. Ev'n as the earth,
When (winds pent up, or eating fires beneath,
Shaking the mass) she labours with destruction.
At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words ;
But, when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud,
Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,
Enthusiastic passion swell'd her breast,
Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffled all her form ;
Proud, and disdainful of the love I proffer'd,
She call'd me villain ! monster ! base betrayer !
At last, in very bitterness of soul,
With deadly imprecations on herself,
She vow'd severely ne'er to see me more :
Then bad me flee that minute : I obey'd,
And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure.

Ros. She has relented since ; else why this message
To meet the keeper of her secrets here
This morning ?

Loth. See the person whom you nam'd.

Enter

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadrefs, what must we treat of?
Come you to menace war and proud defiance,
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message?
Is your fair mistress calmer? Does she soften?
And must we love again? Perhaps she means
To treat in junction with her new ally,
And make her husband party to th' agreement.

Luc. Is this well done, my Lord? Have you put off
All sense of human nature? Keep a little,
A little pity to distinguish manhood,
Lest other men, tho' cruel, should disdain you,
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.

Loth. I see thou'lt learnt to rail.

Luc. I've learnt to weep;
That lesson my sad mistress often gives me.
By day she seeks some melancholy shade
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;
At night she watches all the long long hours,
And listens to the winds and beating rain,
With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast;
Then, ever and anon, she wrings her hands,
And cries, False, false Lothario!

Loth. Oh, no more!
I swear thou'lt spoil thy pretty face with crying.
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune;
Some keeping cardinal shall doat upon thee,
And barter his church-treasure for thy freshness.

Luc. What! shall I sell my innocence and youth,
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man!
To man! who makes his mirth of our undoing!
The base, profess'd betrayer of our sex:
Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,
Rather than know the sorrows of Calista.

Loth. Does she send thee to chide in her behalf?
I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,
That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.

Luc. Read there, my Lord, there, in her own sad lines,
[Giving a letter.]

Which best can tell the story of her woes,
That grief of heart which your unkindness gives her.

B

Lothario

Lothario reads.

*Your cruelty—obedience to my father—give my hand
to Altamont;*

By Heav'n 'tis well! Such ever be the gifts
With which I greet the man whom my soul hates. [*Aside.*
But to go on!

*Wish—heart—honour—too faithless—weakness—
to-morrow—last trouble—lost Calista.*

W men, I see, can change as well as men;
She writes me here, forsaken as I am,
That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,
For she has given her hand to Altamont:
Yet tell the fair inconstant—

Luc. How, my Lord?

Loth. Nay, no more angry words: say to Calista,
The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure,
If she can leave her happy husband's arms
To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

Luc. Alas! for pity come with gentler looks;
Wound not her heart with this unmanly triumph;
And, tho' you love her not, yet swear you do;
So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

Loth. Ha! who comes here?

Luc. The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.
He must not see us here; to-morrow early
Be at the garden-gate.

Loth. Bear to my love

My kindest thought, and swear I will not fail her.
[*Loth. putting up the letter hastily, drops it as he goes out.*

[*Exe. Loth. and Ros. one way, Luc. another.*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Sure 'tis the very error of my eyes;
Waking I dream, or I beheld Lothario;
He seem'd conferring with Calista's woman:
At my approach they started and retir'd.
What business could he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble Altamont
Profess'd and deadly hate—What paper's this?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Ha!

Ha! To Lothario! ——— 'Sdeath! Calista's name.
[Opening it.
Confusion and misfortunes!

Reads.

"Your cruelty has at length determined me, and I
"have resolved this morning to yield a perfect obedience
"to my father, and to give my hand to Altamont, in
"spite of my weakness for the false Lothario. I could
"almost wish I had that heart and that honour to be-
"stow with it, which you have robb'd me of:"

—Damnation! To the rest ——— [Reads again.

"But oh! I fear, could I retrieve 'em, I should again
"be undone by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lotha-
"rio. This is the last weakness of my pen, and to-
"morrow shall be the last in which I will indulge my
"eyes. Lucilla shall conduct you; if you are kind e-
"nough to let me see you, it shall be the last trouble you
"shall meet with from

"The lost CALISTA."

The lost indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur!
Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes.
Oh that the ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt ev'n make thy father curse his age,
At sight of this black scroll the gentle Akamont
(For, oh! I know his heart is set upon thee)
Shall droop and hang his discontented head,
Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority,
And never grace the public with his virtues.——
Perhaps ev'n now he gazes fondly on her,
And, thinking soul and body both alike,
Blesses the perfect workmanship of Heav'n.
Then, sighing, to his ev'ry care speaks peace,
And bids his heart be satisfy'd with happiness.
Oh, wretched husband! while she hangs about thee
With idle blandishments, and plays the fond one,
Ev'n then her hot imagination wanders,
Contriving riot, and loose 'scapes of love,
And, while she clasps thee close, makes thee a monster.
What if I give this paper to her father?
It follows that his justice dooms her dead,

And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return
For all the good his hand has heap'd on us!
Hold, let me take a moment's thought.

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. My Lord!

Trust me it joys my heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore thou hadst left the company
Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended,
They told me you had felt some sudden illness.
Where are you sick? Is it your head? Your heart?
Tell me, my Love, and ease my anxious thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my arms,
Soothe you to rest, and soften all your pain.

Hor. It were unjust; no, let me spare my friend,
Lock up this fatal secret in my breast,
Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.

Lav. What means my Lord?

Hor. Ha! saidst thou, my Lavinia?

Lav. Alas! you know not what you make me suffer:
Why are you pale? Why did you start and tremble?
Whence is that sigh? And wherefore are your eyes
Severely rais'd to Heav'n? The sick man thus,
Acknowledging the summons of his fate,
Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy,
And with confusion thinks upon his audit.

Hor. Oh no! thou hast mistook my sickness quite,
These pangs are of the soul. Wou'd I had met
Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilences,
Or any other deadly foe to life,
Rather than heave beneath this load of thought.

Lav. Alas! what is it? Wherefore turn you from me?
Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia,
And swear I was Horatio's better half,
Since now you mourn unkindly by yourself,
And rob me of my partnership of sadness?
Witness, ye holy pow'rs, who know my truth,
There cannot be a chance in life so miserable,
Nothing so very hard but I could bear it,
Much rather than my love should treat me coldly,
And use me like a stranger to his heart.

Hor.

Hor. Seek not to know what I would hide from all,
But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure,
Ought that was joyful, fortunate, or good,
But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings,
And laid up all my happiness with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee pain?
Then spare me, I conjure thee; ask no farther;
Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege,
And let 'em brood in secret o'er their sorrows.

Lav. It is enough; chide not, and all is well;
Forgive me if I saw you sad, Horatio,
And ask to weep out part of your misfortunes;
I wo't not press to know what you forbid me.
Yet, my lov'd Lord, yet you must grant me this,
Forget your cares for this one happy day.
Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont;
For his dear sake let peace be in your looks.
Ev'n now the jocund bridegroom wants your wishes,
He thinks the priest has but half-bless'd his marriage,
'Till his friend hail him with the sound of joy.

Hor. Oh never! never! never! Thou art innocent;
Simplicity from ill, pure native truth,
And candour of the mind adorn thee ever;
But there are such, such false ones in the world,
'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement
To hear their story told.

Lav. False ones, my Lord?

Hor. Fatally fair they are, and in their smiles
The graces, little loves, and young desires inhabit;
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone;
For they are false, luxurious in their appetites,
And all the heav'n they hope for is variety.
One lover to another still succeeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the last fool is welcome as the former,
'Till, having lov'd his hour out, he gives place,
And mingles with the herd that goes before him.

Lav. Can there be such? And have they peace of mind?
Have they, in all the series of their changing,
One happy hour? If women are such things,
How was I form'd so different from my sex?
My little heart is satisfy'd with you,

You take up all the room ; as in a cottage
Which harbours some benighted princely stranger,
Where the good man, proud of his hospitality,
Yields all his homely dwelling to his guest,
And hardly keeps a corner for himself.

Hor. Oh, were they all like thee, men would adore 'em,
And all the bus'ness of their lives be loving ;

The nuptial band should be the pledge of peace,
And all domestic cares and quarrels cease ;
The world should learn to love by virtuous rules,
And marriage be no more the jest of fools. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall.

Enter CALISTA, and LUCILLA.

CALISTA.

BE dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
If thou wilt soothe me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair ;
For, oh ! I've gone around thro' all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.

Luc. Why do you follow still that wand'ring fire
That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of woe ?
That false Lothario ! Turn from the deceiver ;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont,
Kind as the softest virgin of our sex,
And faithful as the simple village-swain,
That never knew the courtly vice of changing,
Sighs at your feet, and wooes you to be happy.

Cal. Away, I think not of him. My sad soul
Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find ;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees

Molly

Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
 Ravens and birds ill-omen'd only dwell ;
 No sound to break the silence, but a brook
 That bubbling winds among the weeds ; no mark
 Of any human shape that had been there,
 Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,
 Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
 Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.

Luc. Alas for pity !

Cal. There I fain would hide me,
 From the base world, from malice, and from shame ;
 For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
 Never to live with public loss of honour :
 'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the insolence
 Of each affected she that tells my story,
 And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous :
 To be a tale for fools ! scorn'd by the women,
 And pity'd by the men ! Oh insupportable !

Luc. Can you perceive the manifest destruction,
 The gaping gulf that opens just before you,
 And yet rush on, though conscious of the danger ?
 Oh, hear me, hear your ever-faithful creature !
 By all the good I wish, by all the ill
 My trembling heart forbodes, let me entreat you
 Never to see this faithless man again :
 Let me forbid his coming.

Cal. On thy life
 I charge thee no ; my genius drives me on ;
 I must, I will behold him once again ;
 Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
 And this one interview shall end my cares.
 My lab'ring heart, that swells with indignation,
 Heaves to discharge the burden ; that once done,
 The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
 And never beat again.

Luc. Trust not to that :
 Rage is the shortest passion of our souls :
 Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden show'rs,
 It swells in haste, and falls again as soon ;
 Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
 And the deceiver Love supplies its place.

Cal

Cal. I have been wrong'd enough to arm my temper
Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me)
A woman's softness hangs about me still:
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.

Luc. Ye sacred powers, whose gracious providence
Is watchful for our good, guard me from men,
From their deceitful tongues, their vows and flatteries;
Still let me pass neglected by their eyes,
Let my bloom wither, and my form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal love may never be my bane.

Cal. Ha! Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's accesses with dissembling,
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
Those warring passions and tumultuous thoughts
That rage within thee and deform thy reason.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Begone, my cares, I give you to the winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont;
For, from this sacred æra of my love,
A better order of succeeding days
Comes smiling forward, white and lucky all.
Calista is the mistress of the year.

She crowns the seasons with auspicious beauty,
And bids ev'n all my hours be good and joyful.

Cal. If I was ever mistress of such happiness,
Oh! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty fool,
And, wasting all on others, leave myself
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort?

Alt. Oh, mighty love! shall that fair face profane
This thy great festival with frowns and sadness!
I swear it sha'not be, for I will woo thee
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,
And kindle into joy.

Cal.

Cal. I tell thee, Altamont,
Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above,
Ill-suited to each other; join'd, not match'd;
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds
How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,
That fills thee with such ecstasy and transport,
To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,
Or think it better than the day before,
Or any other in the course of time,
That dully took its turn, and was forgotten.

Alt. If to behold thee as my pledge of happiness;
To know none fair, none excellent, beside thee;
If still to love thee with unwearied constancy,
Thro' ev'ry season, ev'ry change of life,
Thro' wrinkled age, thro' sickness and misfortune,
Be worth the least return of grateful love,
O then let my Calista bless this day,
And set it down for happy.

Cal. 'Tis the day
In which my father gave my hand to Altamont;
As such I will remember it for ever.

Enter SCIOLTO, HORATIO, and LAVINIA.

Sci. Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no pause,
But fill up every minute of this day.
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves;
The glorious sun himself for you looks gay,
He shines for Altamont and for Calista.
Let there be music, let the master touch
The sprightly string, and softly-breathing flute,
'Till harmony rouse ev'ry gentle passion,
Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,
And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.
Begin: ev'n age itself is cheer'd with music,
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,
Calls back past joys, and warms us into transport.

[Here an entertainment of Music and Dancing.]

SONG.

S O N G.

By Mr CONGREVE.

I.

*AH stay! ah turn! ah, whither would you fly,
Too charming, too relentless maid?
I fallow not to conquer, but to die;
You of the fearful are afraid.*

II.

*In vain I call; for she, like fleeting air,
When prest by some tempestuous wind,
Flees swifter from the voice of my despair,
Nor casts one pitying look behind.*

Sci. Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-day are friends:
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth:
The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round,
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too soon to think, and to be wretched.
Oh! grant, ye powers, that I may see these happy,
[Pointing to *Alt.* and *Calista.*
Completely blest'd, and I have life enough;
And leave the rest indifferently to fate. [Exeunt.

Manet HORATIO.

Hor. What if, while all are here intent on revelling,
I privately went forth and sought Lothario?
This letter may be forg'd; perhaps the wantonness
Of his vain youth to stain a lady's fame;
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend,
Oh no! my heart forebodes it must be true.
Methought ev'n now I mark'd the starts of guilt
That shook her soul, tho' damn'd dissimulation
Skreen'd her dark thoughts, and set to public view

A specious face of innocence and beauty.
O false appearance ! what is all our sovereignty,
Our boasted pow'r ? when they oppose their arts
Still they prevail, and we are found their fools.
With such smooth looks, and many a gentle word,
The first fair she beguil'd her easy Lord ;
Too blind with love and beauty to beware,
He fell, unthinking, in the fatal snare ;
Nor could believe that such a heav'nly face
Had bargain'd with the dev'l to damn her wretched race.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The Street near Sciolto's Palace.

Enter LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

Loth. To tell thee, then, the purport of my thoughts,
The loss of this fond paper would not give me
A moment of disquiet, were it not
My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont ;
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.

Ros. I wish you, Sir, to think upon the danger
Of being seen ; to-day their friends are round 'em,
And any eye that lights by chance on you,
Shall put your life and safety to the hazard.

[*They confer aside.*]

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Still I must doubt some mystery of mischief,
Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father
knew him well ; he was sagacious, cunning,
Fluent in words, and bold in peaceful counsels,
But of a cold unactive hand in war ;
Yet, with these coward's virtues, he undid
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.

This son, if same mistakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful—Ha ! he's here ! [*Seeing him.*]

Loth. Damnation ! he again !—This second time
To-day he has cross'd me like my evil genius.

Hor.

Hdr. I fought you, Sir.

Loth. 'Tis well then I am found.

Hor. 'Tis well you are. The man who wrongs my friend

To the earth's utmost verge would I pursue;
No place, tho' e'er so holy, should protect him;
No shape that artful fear e'er form'd should hide him,
Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.

Loth. Ha! dost thou know me? that I am Lothario?
As great a name as this proud city boasts of.
Who is this mighty man, then, this Horatio,
That I should basely hide me from his anger;
Lest he should chide me for his friend's displeasure?

Hor. The brave, 'tis true, do never shun the light,
Just are their thoughts, and open are their tempers.
Freely, without disguise, they love and hate;
Still are they found in the fair face of day,
And Heav'n and men are judges of their actions.

Loth. Such let 'em be of mine; there's not a purpose
Which my soul ever fram'd, or my hand acted,
But I could well have bid the world look on,
And what I once durst do, have dar'd to justify.

Hor. Where was this open boldness, this free spirit,
When, but this very morning, I surpriz'd thee,
In base, dishonest privacy, consulting
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,
To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour,
And, with a forg'd contrivance, blast her virtue?
At sight of me thou fled'st!

Loth. Ha! fled from thee!

Hor. Thou fled'st! and guilt was on thee, like a thief,
A pilferer descry'd in some dark corner,
Who there had lodg'd with mischievous intent
To rob and ravage at the hour of rest,
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers.

Loth. Slave! Villain!

[Offers to draw, Rossano holds him.]

Ros. Hold, my Lord! think where you are,
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.

Loth. Then, since thou dost provoke my vengeance,
know,

I wou'd not for this city's wealth, for all
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,
The wife of Altamont, should be as public
As in the noon day sun, air, earth, or water,
Or any common benefit of nature :
Think'st thou I meant the shame should be conceal'd ?
Oh no ! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted
Was some fit messenger to bear the news
To the dull doating husband ; now I have found him,
And thou art he.

Hor. I hold thee base enough
To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,
And do a brutal injury like this ;
Yet, mark me well, young Lord, I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.
'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,
To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,
And mark it with a noble lady's name ;
These are the mean, dishonest arts of cowards,
Strangers to manhood and to glorious dangers,
Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,
Ransack for mistresses th' unwholesome stews,
And never know the worth of virtuous love.

Loth. Think'st thou I forg'd the letter ? think so still,
'Till the broad shame comes staring in thy face,
And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.

Hor. Away ! no woman could descend so low :
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are,
Fit only for yourselves : you herd together ;
And, when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew,
Legends of saints, who never yet had being,
Or, being, ne'er were saints, are not so false
As the fond tales which you recount of love.

Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leisure,
I could produce such damning proof——

Hor. 'Tis false:

You blast the fair with lies because they scorn you,
Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence;
Rather than make you blest'd they wou'd die virgins,
And stop the propagation of mankind.

Loth. It is the curse of fools to be secure,
And that be thine and Altamont's: Dream on,
Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'st it.

Hor. Hold, Sir, another word, and then farewell;
Though I think greatly of Calista's virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy power to hurt;
Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont,
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,
And kept at life's expence, I must not have
(Mark me, young Sir) her very name profan'd.
Learn to restrain the licence of your speech;
'Tis held you are too lavish: when you are met
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,
Of dice, of whores, of horses, and yourselves;
'Tis safer, and becomes your understandings.

Loth. What if we pass beyond this solemn order,
And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,
Indulge our gayer thought, let laughter loose,
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth?

Hor. 'Tis well, Sir, you are pleasant——

Loth. By the joys

Which my soul has yet uncontroul'd pursu'd,
I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,
Though all thy force were arm'd to bar my way;
But, like the birds, great Nature's happy commoners,
That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gardens,
Rise the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

Hor. What liberty has vain presumptuous youth,
That thou should'st dare provoke me unchastis'd?
But henceforth, Boy, I warn thee, shun my walks;
If, in the bounds of yon forbidden place,
Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,
Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n death,
Or something worse; an injur'd husband's vengeance

Shall

Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fine form,
And scatter thee to all the winds of Heav'n.

Loth. Is then my way in Genoa prescrib'd
By a dependant on the wretched Altamont,
A talking Sir, that brawls for him in taverns,
And vouches for his valour's reputation?

Hor. Away, thy speech is fouler than thy manners.

Loth. Or, if there be a name more vile, his parasite;
A beggar's parasite!

Hor. Now learn humanity,

[Offers to strike him. Rossano interposes.]

Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

Loth. Damnation!

[They draw.]

Ros. Hold, this goes no farther here.

Horatio, 'tis too much; already see
The crowd are gath'ring to us.

Loth. Oh Rossano!

Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

Ros. Sciolto's servants too have ta'en the alarm;
You'll be oppress'd by numbers: be advis'd,
Or I must force you hence; take't on my word
You shall have justice done you on Horatio.
Put up, my Lord.

Loth. This wo't brook delay;
West of the town a mile, among the rocks,
Two hours ere noon to-morrow I expect thee,
Thy single hand to mine.

Hor. I'll meet thee there.

Loth. To-morrow, oh my better stars! to-morrow
Exert you influence; shine strongly for me;
'Tis not a common conquest I would gain,
Since love, as well as arms, must grace my triumph.

[Exeunt Lothario and Rossano.]

Hor. Two hours ere noon to-morrow! ha, ere that
He sees Calista! Oh unthinking fool——
What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger?
If any spark from Heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake it;
Cou'd I but prosper there, I wou'd not doubt
My combat with that loud vain-glorious boaster.
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,
Did you but think how seldom fools are just;

So many of your sex would not in vain,
 Of broken vows and faithless men complain.
 Of all the various wretches love has made,
 How few have been by men of sense betray'd?
 Convinc'd by reason, they your pow'r confess,
 Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,
 And conscious of your worth, can never love you less.

}
[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

An apartment in Sciolto's Palace.

Enter SCIOLTO and CALISTA.

SCIOLTO.

NOW, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much;
 Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
 Perverse and sullen all this day of joy?
 When every heart was cheer'd; and mirth went round,
 Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish,
 Sat on thy brow; like some malignant planet,
 Foe to the harvest and the healthy year,
 Who scouls adverse, and lours upon the world?
 When all the other stars, with gentle aspect,
 Propitious shine, and meaning good to man.

Cal. Is then the task of duty half perform'd?
 Has not your daughter giv'n herself to Altamont,
 Yielded the native freedom of her will,
 To an imperious husband's lordly rule,
 To gratify a father's stern command?

Sci. Dost thou complain?

Cal. For pity do not frown then,
 If, in despite of all my vow'd obedience,
 A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance:
 For oh! that sorrow which has drawn your anger,
 Is the sad native of Calista's breast,
 And once possess'd will never quit its dwelling,
 Till life, the prop of all, shall leave the building,
 To tumble down and moulder into ruin.

Sci.

Sci. Now, by the sacred dust of that dear saint
That was thy mother, by her wond'rous goodness,
Her soft, her tender, most complying sweetness,
I swear some sullen thought that shuns the light,
Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.
But mark me well, though by yon Heav'n I love thee
As much, I think, as a fond parent can,
Yet, should'st thou (which the pow'rs above forbid)
E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,
I cast thee off, as one whose impious hands
Had rent asunder Nature's nearest ties,
Which, once divided, never join again.
To-day I've made a noble youth thy husband :
Consider well his worth, reward his love,
Be willing to be happy, and thou art so. [Exit *Sci.*

Cal. How hard is the condition of our sex,
Through ev'ry state of life the slaves of man !
In all the dear delightful days of youth,
A rigid father dictates to our wills,
And deals out pleasures with a scanty hand :
To his the tyrant husband's reign succeeds ;
Proud with opinion of superior reason,
He holds domestic business and devotion
All we are capable to know, and shuts us,
Like cloister'd idiots, from the world's acquaintance,
And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high souls, but to assert ourselves,
Shake off this vile obedience they exact,
And claim an equal empire o'er the world !

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. She's here ! yet oh ! my tongue is at a loss ;
Teach me, some pow'r, that happy art of speech,
To dress my purpose up in gracious words,
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions.
By Heav'n she weeps ! — Forgive me, fair Calista,
If I presume, on privilege of friendship,
To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils
That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes in tears.

Cal. To steal unlook'd for on my private sorrow,
Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,

But rather means the spy.

Hor. Unkindly said !
For oh ! as sure as you accuse me falsely
I came to prove myself Calista's friend.

Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend of Al-
tamont.

Hor. Are you not one ? are you not join'd by Heav'n ?
Each interwoven with the other's fate ;
Are you not mix'd like streams of meeting rivers,
Whose blended waters are no more distinguish'd,
But roll into the sea one common flood ?
Then, who can give his friendship but to one ?
Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's ?

Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious rulers,
May bind two bodies in one wretched chain ;
But minds will still look back on their own choice :
So the poor captive in a foreign realm,
Stands on the shore, and sends his wishes back
To the dear native land from whence he came.

Hor. When souls that should agree to will the same,
To have one common object for their wishes,
Look different ways, regardless of each other,
Think what a train of wretchedness ensues :
Love shall be banish'd from the genial bed,
The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,
And every day shall be a day of cares.

Cal. Then all the boasted office of thy friendship,
Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is ;
Alas ! what needed that ?

Hor. Oh ! rather say,
I come to tell her how she might be happy,
To soothe the secret anguish of her soul,
To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her steps to know the paths of peace.

Cal. Say thou, to whom this paradise is known,
Where lies the blissful region ? mark my way to it ;
For, oh ! 'tis sure I long to be at rest.

Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy ;—Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they are better.
Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind
With whips and thongs, the blissful know none of this.

But

But rest in everlasting peace of mind,
And find the height of all their heav'n is goodness.

Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue
Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?

Hor. None should: but 'tis a busy, talking world,
That, with licentious breath, blows, like the wind,
As freely on the palace as the cottage.

Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy words,
Which thou would'st seem unwilling to express,
As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?
Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,
And let thy oracle be understood.

Hor. Lotharia!

Cal. Ha! what would'st thou mean by him?

Hor. Lothario and Calista!——Thus they join,
Two names which Heav'n decreed should never meet;
Hence have the talkers of this populous city
A shameful tale to tell for public sport,
Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,
Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,
When she had given her honour to a wretch.

Cal. Death and confusion! have I liv'd to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!
To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!
Thus to be us'd! thus, like the vilest creature
That ever was a slave to vice and infamy!

Hor. By honour and fair truth you wrong me much;
For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity
Cou'd urge my tongue to this ungrateful office:
I came with strong reluctance, as if death
Had stood across my way, to save your honour,
Yours and Sciolto's, yours and Altamont's;
Like one who ventures through a burning pile,
To save his tender wife, with all her brood
Of little fondlings, from the dreadful ruin.

Cal. Is this! is this the famous friend of Altamont?
For noble worth and deeds of arms renown'd?
Is this! this tale-bearing, officious fellow,
That watches for intelligence from eyes;
This wretched Angus of a jealous husband,
That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,
And makes him toss and rave, and wreak at length

Bloody

Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife,
Who guiltless dies because her fool ran mad.

Hor. Alas ! this rage is vain ; for, if your fame
Or peace be worth your care, you must be calm,
And listen to the means are left to save 'em.
'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.

By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,
Never to see that curs'd Lothario more ;
Unless you mean to be despis'd, be shunn'd
By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons ;
Unless you have devoted this rare beauty
To infamy, diseases, prostitution——

Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base unmanner'd slave !
That dar'st forget my birth and sacred sex,
And shock me with the rude unhallow'd sound.

Hor. Here kneel, and, in the awful face of Heav'n,
Breathe out a solemn vow, never to see,
Nor think, if possible, on him that ruin'd thee ;
Or, by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,
This paper !——nay, you must not flee !——This paper,
[*Holding her.*

This guilty paper shall divulge your shame——

Cal. What mean'st thou by that paper ? what contri-
vance

Hast thou been forging to deceive my father,
To turn his heart against his wretched daughter,
That Altamont and thou may share his wealth ?
A wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The weakness of my sex.——Oh for a sword,
To urge my vengeance on the villain's hand
That forg'd the scroll !

Hor. Behold, can this be forg'd ?
See where Calista's name—— [Showing the letter near.

Cal. To atoms thus,

[*She snatches it from him, and tears it.*

Thus let me tear the vile detested falsehood,
The wicked lying evidence of shame.

Hor. Confusion !

Cal. Henceforth, thou officious fool,
Meddle no more, nor dare, ev'n on thy life,
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue :

I am

I am myself the guardian of my honour,
And wo' not bear so insolent a monitor.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Where is my life, my love, my charming bride,
Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes,
The with, and care, and business of my youth?
Oh! let me find her, snatch her to my breast!
And tell her she delays my bliss too long,
'Till my soft soul ev'n sickens with desire.
Disorder'd!—and in tears! Horatio too!
My friend is in amazed!—What can it mean?
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,
That my swift sword may find out the offender,
And do thee ample justice.

Cal. Turn to him.

Alt. Horatio!

Cal. To that insolent.

Alt. My friend!

Could he do this! He, who was half myself!
One faith has ever bound us, and one reason
Guided our wills: Have I not found him just,
Honest as truth itself? And could he break
The sanctity of friendship? Cou'd he wound
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?

Cal. I thought what justice I should find from thee!
Go fawn upon him, listen to his tale,
Applaud his malice that wou'd blast my fame,
And treat me like a common prostitute,
Thou art perhaps confederate in his mischief,
And wilt believe the legend if he tells it.

Alt. Oh impious! What presumptuous wretch shall dare
To offer at an injury like that?
Priesthood, nor age, nor cowardice itself,
Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance.

Cal. The man who dar'd to do it was Horatio!
Thy darling friend! 'Twas Altamont's Horatio!
But, mark me well! while thy divided heart
Doats on a villain that has wrong'd me thus,
No force shall drag me to thy hated bed;
Nor can my cruel father's power do more
Than shut me in a cloister; there, well pleas'd,

Religious

Religious hardships will I learn to bear,
 To fast and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r,
 Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,
 With melancholy speechless saints to dwell;
 But bless the day I to that refuge ran,
 Free from the marriage-chain, and from that tyrant man.

[Exit Calista.]

Alt. She's gone; and, as she went, ten thousand fires
 Shot from her angry eyes, as if she meant
 Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.
 Now, as thou art a man, Horatio, tell me,
 What means this wild confusion in thy looks,
 As if thou wert at variance with thyself,
 Madness and reason combating within thee,
 And thou wert doubtful which should get the better?

Hor. I wou'd be dumb for ever, but thy fate
 Has otherwise decreed it; thou hast seen
 That idol of thy soul, that fair Calista,
 Thou hast beheld her tears.

Alt. I have seen her weep,
 I have seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,
 Complaining, in the bitterness of sorrow,
 That thou! my friend! Horatio! thou hast wrong'd her.

Hor. That I have wrong'd her! Had her eyes been fed
 From that rich stream which warms her heart, and
 number'd

For ev'ry falling tear a drop of blood,
 It had not been too much; for she has ruin'd thee,
 Ev'n thee, my Altamont! she has undone thee!

Alt. Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name?
 What is so fair, so exquisitely good?

Is she not more than painting can express,
 Or youthful poets fancy when they love?
 Does she not come, like wisdom, or good fortune,
 Replete with blessings, giving wealth and honour?
 The dowry which she brings is peace and pleasure,
 And everlasting joys are in her arms.

Hor. It had been better thou hadst liv'd a beggar,
 And fed on scraps at great men's surly doors,
 Than to have match'd with one so false, so fatal.—

Alt. It is too much for friendship to allow thee;
 Because I tamely bore the wrong thou didst her,

Thou

Thou dost avow the barb'rous brutal part,
And urge the injury ev'n to my face,

Hor. I see she has got possession of thy heart,
She has charm'd thee, like a siren, to her bed,
With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds:
Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear,
When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless shore,
Then vainly wish thou hadst not left thy friend
To follow her delusion.

Alt. If thy friendship
Do churlishly deny my love a room,
It is not worth my keeping; I disclaim it.

Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I've been to thee?
I shar'd the talk of nature with thy father,
And form'd with care, thy unexperienc'd youth
To virtue and to arms.

Thy noble father, oh thou light young man!
Wou'd he have us'd me thus? One fortune fed us;
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flourish'd, and together fell.
He call'd me friend, like thee: Would he have left me
Thus for a woman? nay, a vile one too?

Alt. Thou canst not, dar'st not mean it? Speak again;
Say, who is vile? but dare not name Calista.

Hor. I had not spoke at first unless compell'd,
And forc'd to clear myself; but, since thus urg'd,
I must avow I do not know a viler.

Alt. Thou wert my father's friend, he lov'd thee well:
A kind of venerable mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my vengeance:
I cannot, dare not lift my sword against thee,
But henceforth never let me see thee more. [*Going out.*]

Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art;
And must, and will preserve thee from dishonour,
Ev'n in despite of thee. [*Holds him.*]

Alt. Let go my arm.

Hor. If honour be thy care, if thou wouldst live
Without the name of credulous, wittal husband,
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed,
The joys it yields are dash'd with poison—

Alt. off!

To urge me but a minute more is fatal.

Hor.

Hor. She is polluted! stained!

Alt. Madness and raging!

But hence!

Hor. Dishonour'd by the man you hate——

Alt. I pry thee loose me yet, for thy own sake,
If life be worth the keeping——

Hor. By Lothario.

Alt. Perdition take thee, villain, for the falsehood.

[*Strikes him.*]

Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.

Hor. A blow! Thou hast us'd me well—— [*Draws.*]

Alt. This to thy heart——

Hor. Yet hold!—By Heav'n, his father's in his face:
Spite of my wrongs my heart runs o'er with tenderness,
And I cou'd rather die myself than hurt him.

Alt. Defend thyself, for, by my much wrong'd love,
I swear the poor evasion shall not save thee.

Hor. Yet hold! thou know'st I dare!—Think how
we've liv'd——

[*They fight; Alt. presses on Hor. who retires.*]

Nay, then 'tis brutal violence! And thus,
Thus Nature bids me guard the life she gave.

LAVINIA enters, and runs between their swords.

Lav. My brother! my Horatio! is it possible?
Oh! turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia.

If you must quench your impious rage in blood,
Behold, my heart shall give you all her store,
To save those dearer streams that flow from yours.

Alt. 'Tis well thou'st found a safeguard; none but this,
No pow'r on earth could save thee from my fury.

Lav. Oh fatal deadly sound!

Hor. Safety from thee!

Away, vain boy! hast thou forgot the reverence
Due to my arm, thy first, thy great example,
Which pointed out the way to noble daring,
And shew'd thee what it was to be a man?

Lav. What busy meddling fiend, what foe to goodness,
Could kindle such a discord? Oh, lay by
Those angry looks, and most ungentle weapons,
Unless you mean my griefs and killing fears

Should

Should stretch me out, at your relentless feet,
A wretched corpse, the victim of your fury.

Hor. Ask'd then what made us foes? 'twas base ingratitude;

'Twas such a sin to friendship, as Heav'n's mercy,
That strives with man's untoward monstrous wickedness,
Unweary'd with forgiving, scarce could pardon.
He, who was all to me! Child! Brother! Friend!
With barb'rous bloody malice sought my life.

Alt. Thou art my sister, and I would not make thee
The lonely mourner of a widow'd bed,
Therefore thy husband's life is safe; but warn him
No more to know this hospitable roof.
He has but ill repaid Sciolto's bounty;
We must not meet; 'tis dangerous; farewell.

[*As he is going, Lavinia holds him.*]

Lav. Stay, Altamont, my brother, stay, if ever
Nature, or, what is nearer much than nature,
The kind consent of our agreeing minds,
Have made us dear to one another, stay,
And speak one gentle word to your Horatio.
Behold, his anger melts, he longs to love you,
To call you friend, then press you hard with all
The tender speechless joy of reconciliation.

Alt. It cannot, sha' not be!—You must not hold me.

Lav. Look kindly then!

Alt. Each minute that I stay
Is a new injury to fair Calista,
From thy false friendship to her arms I'll fly;
There, if in any pause of love I rest,
Breathless with bliss, upon her panting breast,
In broken melting accents I will swear,
Henceforth to trust my heart with none but her;
Then own the joys which on her charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.

[*Alt. breaks from Lav. and exit.*]

Hor. Oh, raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth;
It is too much, this tide of flowing grief,
This wondrous waste of tears, too much to give
To an ungrateful friend and cruel brother.

Lav. Is there not cause for weeping? Oh Horatio!
A brother and a husband were my treasure,

'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia
 Sav'd from the shipwreck of her father's fortunes :
 One half is lost already ; if thou leav'st me,
 If thou should'st prove unkind to me, as Altamont,
 Whom shall I find to pity my distress,
 To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,
 And give her where to lay her wretched head.

Hor. Why dost thou wound me with thy soft complainings ?

Though Altamont be false, and use me hardly,
 Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.
 Talk not of being forsaken, for I'll keep thee,
 Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happiness.
 Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full of goodness,
 And made thee all my portion here on earth :
 It gave thee to me, as a large amends
 For fortune, friends, and all the world beside.

Lav. Then will you love me still, cherish me ever,
 And hide me from misfortune in your bosom ?
 Here end my cares, nor will I lose one thought
 How we shall live, or purchase food and raiment,
 The holy Pow'r, who clothes the senseless earth
 With woods, with fruits, with flow'rs, and verdant grass,
 Whose bounteous hand feeds the whole brute creation,
 Knows all our wants, and has enough to give us.

Hor. From Genoa, from falsehood and inconstancy,
 To some more honest distant clime we'll go ;
 Nor will I be beholden to my country
 For ought but thee, the partner of my flight.

Lav. Yes, I will follow thee ; forsake, for thee,
 My country, brother, friends, ev'n all I have ;
 Tho' mine's a little all ; yet, were it more
 And better far, it should be left for thee,
 And all that I wou'd keep shou'd be Horatio.

So, when the merchant sees his vessel lost,
 Tho' richly freighted from a foreign coast,
 Gladly for life the treasure he would give,
 And only wishes to escape and live.

Gold and his gains no more employ his mind,
 But driving o'er the billows with the wind,
 Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest
 behind. *[Exit.]*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Garden.

Enter ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT.

WITH what unequal tempers are we form'd?
 One day the soul, supine with ease and fulness,
 Revels secure, and fondly tells herself
 The hour of evil can return no more ;
 The next, the spirit's pall'd, and sick of riot,
 Turns all to discord, and we hate our beings,
 Curse the past joy, and think it folly all,
 And bitterness and anguish. Oh ! last night !
 What has ungrateful beauty paid me back
 For all that mats of friendship which I squander'd ?
 Coldness, aversion, tears, and sullen sorrow,
 Dash'd all my bliss, and damp'd my bridal-bed.
 Soon as the morning dawn'd she vanish'd from me,
 Relentless to the gentle call of love.
 I've lost a friend, and I have gain'd—a wife !
 Turn not to thought, my brain, but let me find
 Some unfrequented shade, there lay me down,
 And let forgetful dulness steal upon me,
 To soften and assuage this pain of thinking. [Exit.]

Enter LOTHARIO and CALISTA.

Loth. Weep not, my fair, but let the god of love
 Laugh in thy eyes and revel in thy heart ;
 Kindle again his torch, and hold it high,
 To light us to new joys ; nor let a thought
 Of discord or disquiet past molest thee ;
 But to a long oblivion give thy cares,
 And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

Cal. Seek not to sooth me with thy false endearments,
 To charm me with thy softness : 'tis in vain ;
 Thou canst no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
 The hours of folly and of fond delight

Are wasted all and fled ; those that remain
Are doom'd to weeping, anguish and repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long account
Of all the sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come ; thou hast undone me.

Loth. Unjust Calista ! dost thou call it ruin
To love as we have done, to melt, to languish,
To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,
And then be blest even to that wish's height ?
To die with joy, and straight to live again,
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport —

Cal. O let me hear no more, I cannot bear it.
'Tis deadly to remember ; let that night,
That guilty night, be blotted from the year ;
Let not the voice of mirth or music know it ;
Let it be dark and desolate, no stars
To glitter o'er it ; let it wish for light,
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn ;
For 'twas the night that gave me up to shame,
To sorrow, to perfidious false Lothario.

Loth. Hear this, ye Pow'rs ! mark how the fair deceiver
Sadly complains of violated truth ;
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,
Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth have heard,
Sighing, to vow and tenderly protest,
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine ;
And yet, behold, she has given herself away,
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth —

Cal. Art thou so base t' upbraid me with a crime
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause ?
If indignation, raging in my soul
For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,
Urg'd me to do a deed of desperation,
And wound myself to be reveng'd on thee,
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,
Whom curse, as my undoer, but Lothario.
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's pow'r,
Not all the vows and pray'rs of sighing Altamont,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.

Loth. How have I fail'd in justice or in love ?
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first ?

Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languish for thee,
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,
As if thou hadst ne'er blest me with thy beauty.

Cal. How didst thou dare to think that I would live
A slave to base desires and brutal pleasures,
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure,
To toy and waste an hour of idle time with?
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.

Loth. The driving storm of passion will have way,
And I must yield before it: wert thou calm,
Love, the poor criminal whom thou hast doom'd,
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,
To charm thy rage and mitigate his fate.

Enter behind them ALTAMONT.

Alt. I have lost my peace—Ha! do I live and wake!—

Cal. Hadst thou been true, how happy had I been!
Not Altamont, but thou hadst been my Lord.
But wherefore nam'd I happiness with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curs'd;
For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me;
Calls me to answer for my virtue stain'd,
My honour lost to thee; for thee it haunts me,
With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me;
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs ———

Alt. Behold him here ——— [*Coming forward.*

Cal. Ah! [*Starting.*

Alt. The wretch whom thou hast made!
Curse and sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him,
And vengeance is the only good is left. [*Drawing.*

Loth. Thou hast ta'en me somewhat unawares, 'tis
But love and war take turns like day and night, [*true;*
And little preparation serves my turn,
Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.
We've long been foes, this moment ends our quarrel;
Earth, heav'n, and fair Calista judge the combat.

Cal. Distraction! fury! sorrow! shame! and death!

Alt. Thou hast talk'd too much, thy breath is poison
It taints the ambient air; this for my father, [*to me.*
This for Sciolto, and this last for Altamont.

[*They fight; Lothario is wounded once or twice, and
then falls.*

Loth. O Altamont! thy genius is the stronger,
 Thou hast prevail'd!—My fierce ambitious soul
 Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;
 Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride,
 I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd:
 Those joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;
 That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,
 Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying. [*Dies.*]

Cal. And what remains for me, beset with shame,
 Encompass'd round with wretchedness? There is
 But this one way to break the toil and 'scape.

[*She catches up Lothario's sword, and offers to kill herself; Altamont runs to her, and wrests it from her.*]

Alt. What means thy frantic rage?

Cal. Off! let me go.

Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murder'd me; yet still,
 Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror
 At thought of any danger that may reach thee.

Cal. Think'st thou I mean to live to be forgiven?
 Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista!
 If thou hadst never heard my shame, if only
 The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,
 I wou'd not bear to be reproach'd by them,
 But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,
 And hide me from their beams.

Sci. within,] What, ho! my son!

Alt. It is Sciolto calls. Come near, and find me
 The wretched'st thing of all my kind on earth!

Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?
 Madness! confusion! Let the storm come on,
 Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me,
 Dash my devoted bark! ye surges, break it!
 'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.
 When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,
 Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter SCIOLTO.

Sci. Ev'n now Rossano leap'd the garden-walls—
 Ha! Death has been among you—Oh, my fears!
 Last night thou hadst a diff'rence with thy friend,
 The cause thou gav'st me for it was a damn'd one:

Didst

Act IV. The FAIR PENITENT.

51

Didst thou not wrong the man who told thee truth?

Answer me quick——

Alt. Oh, press me not to speak!

Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the mention
Will lay me dead before you! See that body,
And guess my shame, my ruin! Oh, Calista!

Sci. It is enough; but I am slow to execute,
And justice lingers in my lazy hand:
Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,
And cut thee from the earth, thou stain to goodness—

[Offers to kill Calista, Altamont holds him.]

Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto, thou rash father, stay,
Or turn the point on me, and thro' my breast
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista;
So shall my love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

Cal. No, Altamont! my heart that scorn'd thy love,
Shall never be indebted to thy pity;
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I seem,
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.
Yes! yes, my father, I applaud thy justice:
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow:
Be merciful, and free me from my pain;
'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I cou'd curse
The cheerful day, men, earth, and heav'n, and thee,
Ev'n thee, thou venerable good old man,
For being author of a wretch like me!

Alt. Listen not to the wildness of her raving.
Remember nature: shou'd thy daughter's murder
Defile that hand, so just, so great in arms,
Her blood wou'd rest upon thee to posterity,
Pollute thy name, and fally all thy wars.

Cal. Have I not wrong'd his gentle nature much?
And yet behold him pleading for my life,
Lost as thou art to virtue, oh Calista!
I think thou canst not bear to be outdone;
Then haste to die, and be oblig'd no more.

Sci. Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,
And sav'd me from a crime: then rest, my sword;
To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,
Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge:

But,

But, mark me well, I will have justice done;
 Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunish'd,
 I will see justice executed on thee,
 Ev'n to a Roman strictness; and thou, Nature,
 Or whatsoe'er thou art that plead'st within me,
 Be still, thy tender strugglings are in vain.

Cal. Then am I doom'd to live, and hear your triumphs?

To groan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraidings,
 Daily to be reproach'd, and have my misery,
 At morn, at noon, at night, told over to me,
 Lest my remembrance might grow pitiful,
 And grant a moment's interval of peace?
 Is this, is this the mercy of a father?
 I only beg to die, and he denies me.

Sci. Hence from my sight, thy father cannot bear thee:

Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,
 Where, on the confines of eternal night,
 Mourning, misfortune, cares and anguish dwell;
 Where ugly Shame hides her opprobrious head,
 And Death and Hell detested rule maintain;
 There howl out the remainder of thy life,
 And wish thy name may be no more remember'd?

Cal. Yes, I will flee to some such dismal place,
 And be more curs'd than you can wish I were:
 This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,
 Fasting, and tears, and hardship shall destroy;
 Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,
 Nor ought that may continue hated life!
 Then, when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,
 Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,
 On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,
 Perhaps you may relent, and, sighing, say,
 At length her tears have wash'd her stains away,
 At length 'tis time her punishment should cease;
 Die thou, poor suff'ring wretch, and be at peace.

[Exit Calista.]

Sci. Who of my servants wait there?

Enter

Enter two or three Servants.

On your lives
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.

[Exeunt Servants.]

Alt. There is a fatal fury in your visage,
It blazes fierce and menaces destruction :
My father, I am sick of many sorrows,
Ev'n now my easy heart is breaking with them ;
Yet, above all, one fear distracts me most,
I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.

Sci. Hast thou not read what brave Virginus did ?
With his own hand he slew his only daughter,
To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust ;
He slew her, yet unspotted, to prevent
The shame which she might know. Then what should
I do ?

But thou hast ty'd my hand. — I wo' not kill her ;
Yet, by the ruin she has brought upon us,
The common infamy that brands us both,
She sha' not 'scape.

Alt. You mean that she shall die then ?

Sci. Ask me not what, or how I have resolv'd,
For all within is anarchy and uproar.
Oh, Altamont ! what a vast scheme of joy
Has this one day destroy'd ! Well did I hope
This daughter would have blest'd my latter days,
That I should live to see you the world's wonder,
So happy, great, and good, that none were like you,
While I, from busy life, and care set free,
Had spent the evening of my age at home,
Among a little prattling race of yours :
There, like an old man, talk'd a while, and then
Lien down, and slept in peace. Instead of this,
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave.
Oh, damn her ! damn her !

Enter a SERVANT.

Ser. Arm yourself, my Lord !
Rossano, who but now escap'd the garden,

Has

Has gather'd in the street a band of rioters,
Who threaten you, and all your friends with ruin,
Unless Lothario be return'd in safety.

Sci. By Heav'n their fury rises to my wish,
Nor shall Misfortune know my house alone,
But thou, Lothario, and thy race shall pay me
For all the sorrows which my age is curs'd with.
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,
As any in the state; all shall be summon'd:
I know that all will join their hands to ours,
And vindicate my vengeance. Raise the body,
And bear it in; his friends shall buy him dearly,
I will have blood for ransom: when our force
Is full, and arm'd, we shall expect thy sword
To join with us, and sacrifice to justice. —

[Exit Sciolto,

[The body of Lothario is carried off by Servants,

Manet ALTAMONT.

Alt. There is a stupid weight upon my senses,
A dismal sullen stilness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death
After the tumult and the noise of life.
Would it were death, as sure 'tis wondrous like it,
For I am sick of living; my soul's pall'd,
She kindles not with anger or revenge;
Love was th' informing active fire within,
Now, that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.

[A tumultuous noise, with clashing of swords, at
at a little distance.

Enter LAVINIA with two Servants, their swords drawn.

Lav. Fly! swiftly fly, to my Horatio's aid
Nor lose your vain officious cares on me:
Bring me my lord, my husband to my arms;
He is Lavinia's life! bring him me safe,
And I shall be at ease, be well, and happy.

[Exeunt Servants.

Alt. Art thou Lavinia? Oh! what barb'rous hand
Could wrong thy poor defenceless innocence,
And leave such marks of more than savage fury?

Lav.

Lav. My brother ! O, my heart is full of fears ;
 Perhaps ev'n now my dear Horatio bleeds.——
 Not far from hence, as passing to the port,
 By a mad multitude we were furrounded,
 Who ran upon us with uplifted swords,
 And cry'd aloud for vengeance and Lothario.
 My Lord, with ready boldness, stood the shock,
 To shelter me from danger, but in vain,
 Had not a party, from Sciolto's palace,
 Rush'd out, and snatch'd me from amidst the fray.

Alt. What of my friend ?

Lav. Ha ! by my joys, 'tis he, [Looking out.
 He lives, he comes to bless me, he is safe !——

*Enter HORATIO, with two or three SERVANTS, their
 swords drawn.*

I Ser. 'Twere at the utmost hazard of your life
 To venture forth again 'till we are stronger ;
 Their number trebles ours.

Hor. No matter, let it ;
 Death is not half so shocking as that traitor ;
 My honest soul is mad with indignation,
 To think her plainness could be so abus'd
 As to mistake that wretch, and call him friend ;
 I cannot bear the sight.

Alt. Open, thou earth,
 Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark bosom,
 To hide me from Horatio.

Hor. Oh, Lavinia !
 Believe not but I joy to see thee safe :
 Wou'd our ill-fortune had not drove us hither ;
 I cou'd even wish we rather had been wreck'd
 On any other shore, than sav'd on this.

Lav. Oh, let us bless the Mercy that preserv'd us,
 That gracious Pow'r that sav'd us for each other ;
 And, to adorn the sacrifice of praise,
 Offer forgiveness too : be thou like Heav'n,
 And put away th' offences of thy friend,
 Far, far from thy remembrance.

Alt. I have mark'd him,
 To see if one forgiving glance stole hither,
 If any spark of friendship were alive,

That

That wou'd, by sympathy, at meeting, glow,
And strive to kindle up the flame anew;
'Tis lost, 'tis gone, his soul is quite estrang'd,
And knows me for its counter-part no more.

Hor. Thou know'st thy rule, thy empire in Horatio,
Nor canst thou ask in vain, command in vain,
Where Nature, Reason, nay, where Love is judge;
But when you urge my temper to comply
With what it most abhors, I cannot do it.

Lav. Where didst thou get this sullen gloomy hate?
It was not in thy nature to be thus:
Come, put it off, and let thy heart be cheerful;
Be gay again, and know the joys of friendship,
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness,
The double joys, where each is glad for both:
Friendship, the wealth, the last retreat and strength,
Secure against ill fortune and the world.

Hor. I am not apt to take a light offence,
But patient of the failings of my friends;
And willing to forgive; but when an injury
Stabs to my heart, and raises my resentment,
(Perhaps it is the fault of my rude nature),
I own I cannot easily forgive it.

Alt. Thou hast forgot me!

Hor. No.

Alt. Why are thy eyes
Impatient of me then, scornful and fierce?

Hor. Because they I speak the meaning of my heart;
Because they are honest, and disdain a villain.

Alt. I've wrong'd thee much, Horatio.

Hor. True, thou hast:

When I forget it, may I be a wretch
Vile as thyself, a false perfidious fellow,
An infamous, believing, British husband.

Alt. I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has well a-
veng'd it.

I have not, since we parted, been at peace,
Nor known one joy sincere; our broken friendship
Pursu'd me to the last retreat of love,
Stood glaring like a ghost, and made me cold with hor-
ror.

Misfortunes

Misfortunes on misfortunes press upon me;
Swell o'er my head, like waves, and dash me down:
Sorrow, remorse, and shame, have torn my soul,
They hang like winter on my youthful hopes,
And blast the spring and promise of my year.

Lav. So flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a grave,
To lose their freshness amongst bones and rottenness,
And have their odours stifled in the dust:
Canst thou hear this, thou cruel, hard Horatio?
Canst thou behold thy Altamont undone?
That gentle, that dear youth! canst thou behold him,
His poor heart broken, death in his pale visage,
And groaning out his woes, yet stand unmov'd?

Hor. The brave and wise I pity in misfortune;
But when ingratitude and folly suffer,
'Tis weakness to be touch'd.

Alt. I wou'd not ask thee
To pity or forgive me; but confess
This scorn, this insolence of hate is just;
'Tis constancy of mind, and manly in thee.
But, oh! had I been wrong'd by thee, Horatio,
There is a yielding softness in my heart
Cou'd ne'er have stood it out, but I had run,
With streaming eyes, and open arms, upon thee,
And press'd thee close, close!

Hor. I must hear no more,
The weakness is contagious, I shall catch it,
And be a tame fond wretch.

Lav. Where would'st thou go?
Would'st thou part thus? You sha'not, 'tis impossible;
For I will bar thy passage, kneeling thus:
Perhaps thy cruel hand may spurn me off,
But I will throw my body in the way,
And thou shalt trample o'er my faithful bosom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me ere thou pass.

Alt. Urge not in vain thy pious suit, Lavinia.
I have enough to rid me of my pain.
Calista! thou hast reach'd my heart before,
To make all sure my friend repeats the blow;
But in the grave our cares shall be forgotten,
There love and friendship cease.

[Falls:

[Lavinia runs to him, and endeavours to raise him.

E

Lav.

Lav. Speak to me, Altamont!

He faints! he dies! Now turn, and see thy triumph!
My brother! But our cares shall end together;
Here will I lay me down by thy dear side,
Bemoan thy too hard fate, then share it with thee,
And never see my cruel lord again.

[*Horatio runs to Altamont, and raises him in his arms.*]

Hor. It is too much to bear! Look up, my Altamont!
My stubborn unrelenting heart has kill'd him.
Look up, and bless me; tell me that thou liv'st.
Oh! I have urg'd thy gentleness too far; [*He revives.*]
Do thou and my Lavinia both forgive me;
A flood of tenderness comes o'er my soul!
I cannot speak—I love, forgive, and pity thee!—

Alt. I thought that nothing cou'd have stay'd my soul,
That long ere this her flight had reach'd the stars;
But thy known voice has lur'd her back again!
Methinks I fain wou'd set all right with thee,
Make up this most unlucky breach, and then,
With thine and Heav'n's forgiveness on my soul,
Shrink to my grave, and be at ease for ever.

Hor. By Heav'n, my heart bleeds for thee! ev'n this
moment

I feel thy pangs of disappointed love.
Is it not pity that his youth shou'd fall,
That all his wond'rous goodness shou'd be lost,
And the world never know it! Oh, my Altamont!
Give me thy sorrows, let me bear 'em for thee,
And shelter thee from ruin!

Lav. Oh, my brother!

Think not but we will share in all thy woes:
We'll sit all day, and tell sad tales of love;
And when we light upon some faithless woman,

Some beauty, like Calista, false and fair,
We'll fix our grief, and our complaining there;
We'll curse the nymph that drew the ruin on,
And mourn the youth that was, like thee, undone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room hung with black; on one side, Lothario's body on a bier; on the other, a table, with a skull and other bones, a book, and a lamp on it.

CALISTA is discovered on a couch in black; her hair hanging loose and disordered. After music and a song, she rises, and comes forward.

S O N G.

I.

HEAR, you midnight phantoms hear,
 You who pale and wan appear,
 And fill the wretch who wakes with fear.
 You who wander, scream, and groan
 Round the mansions once your own,
 You whom still your crimes upbraid,
 You who rest not with the dead,
 From the coverts where you stray,
 Where you lurk and shun the day,
 From the charnel and the tomb,
 Hither, haste ye, hither come.

II.

Hide Calista for delay,
 Tell her, 'tis for her you stay;
 Bid her die, and come away.
 See the sexton with his spade,
 See the grave already made:
 Listen, fair one, to thy knell,
 This music is thy passing-bell.

Cal. 'Tis well! These solemn sounds, this pomp of horror,

Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul;

Here's room for meditation ev'n to madness,

Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull flame

Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left
To tell me something:—for instruction then—
He teaches holy sorrow, and contrition,
And penitence:— Is it become an art then?
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't;

[*Throwing away the book.*]

I have more real anguish in my heart
Than all their pedant discipline e'er knew.
What charnel has been rifled for these bones?
Fie! this is pageantry;— they look uncouthly.
But what of that? if he or she that own'd 'em
Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see
The farce their miserable relics play.
But here's a sight is terrible indeed!
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario!
That dear perfidious— Ah!—how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted blood, and those dead eyes!
Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night,
In all your different dreadful shapes ascend,
And match the present horror if you can.

Enter SCIOLTO.

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,
Nature for rest ordain'd, and soft repose;
And yet distraction and tumultuous jars
Keep all our frighted citizens awake:
The senate, weak, divided, and irresolute,
Want pow'r to succour the afflicted state.
Vainly in words and long debates they're wise,
While the fierce factions scorn their peaceful orders,
And drown the voice of law in noise and anarchy.
Amidst the general wreck see where she stands,

[*Pointing to Calista.*]

Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sack'd,
Spectatress of the mischief which she made.

Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul;

Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,

That he may see thou art not lost so far,

But somewhat full of his great spirit lives

In the forlorn Calista.

Sci.

Sci. Thou wert once
My daughter.

Cal. Happy were it I had died,
And never lost that name.

Sci. That's something yet.
Thou wert the very darling of my age;
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee;
That all the blessings I could gather for thee,
By cares on earth, and by my pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my fondness to bestow:
Why didst thou turn to folly then, and curse me?

Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from yours,
A poor imperfect copy of my father,
Where goodness, and the strength of manly virtue,
Was thinly planted, and the idle void
Fill'd up with light belief and easy fondness;
It was because I lov'd, and was a woman.

Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a che-
rubin;
But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.
Hast thou e'er dar'd to meditate on death?

Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.

Sci. Ha! answer me! Say, hast thou coolly thought?
'Tis not the stoic's lessons got by rote,
The pomp of words and pedant dissertations,
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror:
Books have taught cowards to talk nobly of it,
But when the trial comes, they start and stand aghast.
Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?

Cal. I've turn'd my eyes inward upon myself,
Where soul offence, and shame have laid all waste;
Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,
And longs to find some better place of rest.

Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit
That dwelt in ancient Latian breasts, when Rome
Was mistress of the world. I would go on,
And tell thee all my purpose, but it sticks
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare thy telling, if it be a pain,
And write the meaning with thy poniard here.

Sci. Oh ! truly guess'd — Seest thou this trembling hand ? —

[Holding up a dagger.

Thrice Justice urg'd—and thrice the slack'ning sinews
Forgot their office, and confess'd the father !
At length the stubborn virtue has prevail'd ;
It must ! it must be so — Oh ! take it, then,

[Giving the dagger.

And know the rest untaught,

Cal. I understand you :

It is but thus, and both are satisfy'd.

[She offers to kill herself, *Sci.* catches hold of her arm.

Sci. A moment ! give me yet a moment's space !

The stern, the rigid judge has been obey'd,
Now Nature and the father claim their turns.
I've held the balance with an iron hand,
And put off ev'ry tender human thought,
To doom my child to death ; but spare my eyes
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,
And my old brain split, and grow mad with horror.

Cal. Ha ! is it possible ? and is there yet
Some little dear remain of love and tenderness,
For poor undone Calista, in your heart ?

Sci. Oh ! when I think what pleasure I took in thee,
What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy,
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty,
How I have stood and fed my eyes upon thee,
Then lifted up my hands, and, wond'ring, bless'd thee,
By my strong grief, my heart ev'n melts within me ;
I could curse Nature, and that tyrant Honour,
For making me thy father and thy judge :
Thou art my daughter still !

Cal. For that kind word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth ;
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this goodness :
Oh ! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,
This parricide, that murders with her crimes,
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off
Ere little more than half his years be number'd.

Sci. Would it were otherwise ! — But thou must die. —

Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort :
Death is the privilege of human nature,
And life without it were not worth our taking ;

Thither

Thither the poor, the pris'ner, and the mourner,
Fly for relief, and lay their burdens down.
Come, then, and take me now to thy cold arms,
Thou meagre shade ! here let me breathe my last,
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness,
More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,
And sung a *requiem* to my parting soul.

Sci. I'm summon'd hence ; ere this my friends expect
me.

There is I know not what of sad presage,
That tells me I shall never see thee more !
If it be so, this is our last farewell,
And these the parting pangs which Nature feels
When anguish rends the heart-strings ! ——— Oh, my
daughter !

[*Exit Sci.*]

Cal. Now think, thou curs'd Calista ! now behold
The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head !
Yet Heaven, who knows our weak imperfect natures,
How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,
Makes not too strict inquiry for offences,
But is aton'd by penitence and pray'r :
Cheap recompence ! here 'twou'd not be receiv'd,
Nothing but blood can make the expiation,
And cleanse the soul from inbred deep pollution.
And see, another injur'd wretch is come
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Hail to you, horrors ! hail thou house of death !
And thou the lovely mistress of these shades,
Whose beauty gilds the more than midnight darkness,
And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.
Oh ! take me in a fellow-mourner with thee,
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear ;
And when the fountains of thy eyes are dry,
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.

Cal. I know thee well, thou art the injur'd Altamont,
Thou com'st to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee ;
But know I stand upon the brink of life,
And in a moment mean to set me free

From

From shame, and thy upbraiding.

Alt. Falsely, falsely
Dost thou accuse me. When did I complain
Or murmur at my fate? For thee I have
Forgot the temper of Italian husbands,
And fondness has prevail'd upon revenge;
I bore my load of infamy with patience,
As holy men do punishments from Heav'n,
Nor thought it hard, because it came from thee;
Oh! then forbid me not to mourn thy loss,
To wish some better fate had rul'd our loves,
And that Calista had been mine, and true.

Cal. Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss;
But, oh! behold my proud disdainful heart
Bends to thy gentler virtue: yes, I own,
Such is thy truth, thy tenderness and love,
Such are the graces that adorn thy youth,
That, were I not abandon'd to destruction,
With thee I might have liv'd for ages blest'd,
And died in peace within thy faithful arms.

Alt. Then happiness is still within our reach;
Here let remembrance lose our past misfortunes,
Tear all records that hold the fatal story;
Here let our joys begin, from hence go on
In long successive order.

Cal. What, in death?

Alt. Then art thou fix'd to die——But, be it so,
We'll go together; my advent'rous love
Shall follow thee to those uncertain beings;
Whether our lifeless shades are doom'd to wander
In gloomy groves with discontented ghosts,
Or whether through the upper air we fleet,
And tread the fields of light, still I'll pursue thee,
Till fate ordains that we shall part no more.

Cal. Oh no! Heav'n has some better lot in store
To crown thee with; live and be happy long;
Live for some maid that shall deserve thy goodness,
Some kind unpractis'd heart, that never yet
Has listen'd to the false ones of thy sex,
Nor known the arts of ours; she shall reward thee,
Meet thee with virtues equal to thy own,

Charm thee with sweetness, beauty, and with truth,
Be bless'd in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Now mourn indeed, you miserable pair,
For now the measure of your woes is full.

Alt. What dost thou mean, Horatio?

Hor. Oh, 'tis dreadful!
The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.

Cal. My father!

Alt. That's a deadly stroke indeed.

Hor. Not long ago he privately went forth,
Attended by but few, and those unbidden;
I heard which way he took, and straight pursu'd him,
But found him compass'd by Lothario's faction,
Almost alone amidst the crowd of foes;
Too late we brought him aid, and drove them back;
Ere that his frantic valour had provok'd
The death he seem'd to wish for from their swords.

Cal. And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient earth?
Dost thou not labour with my murd'rous weight?

And you, ye glitt'ring heav'nly host of stars,
Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast you;

For I am all contagion, death and ruin,
And nature sickens at me; rest, thou world,

This parricide shall be thy plague no more;
Thus, thus, I set thee free. [*Stabs herself.*]

Hor. Oh, fatal rashness!

Alt. Thou dost instruct me well; to lengthen life
Is but to trifle now.

[*Altamont offers to kill himself; Horatio prevents him,
and wrests his sword from him.*]

Hor. Ha, what means

The frantic Altamont?—some foe to man
Has breath'd on ev'ry breast contagious fury,

And epidemic madness.

Enter SCIOLTO pale and bloody supported, by Servants.

Cal. Oh, my heart!

Well may'st thou fail, for see the spring that fed
Thy vital stream is wasted, and runs low.

My father! will you now at last forgive me,
If, after all my crimes and all your luff'rings,

I call you once again by that dear name?
Will you forget my shame, and those wide wounds?
Lift up your hand, and bless me ere I go
Down to my dark abode.

Sci. Alas, my daughter!

Thou hast rashly ventur'd in a stormy sea,
Where life, fame, virtue, all are wreck'd and lost;
But sure thou'st borne thy part in all the anguish,
And smarted with the pains; then rest in peace,
Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,
And save thee from the malice of posterity;
And may'st thou find with Heav'n the same forgiveness,
As with thy father here.—Die, and be happy.

Cal. Celestial sounds! Peace dawns upon my soul,
And every pain grows less—Oh, gentle Altamont,
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone,
But pity me.—Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,
We had been happier both:—Now 'tis too late,
And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee,
Thou art their last dear object.—Mercy, Heav'n!

[*She dies.*]

Alt. Cold, dead and cold! and yet thou art not
chang'd.

But lovely still! Hadst thou a thousand faults,
What heart so hard, what virtue so severe,
But at that beauty must of force relent,
Melted to pity, love, and to forgiveness?

Sci. Oh turn thee from that fatal object, Altamont,
Come near and let me bless thee ere I die.
To thee and brave Horatio I bequeath
My fortunes.—Lay me by thy noble father,
And love my memory as thou hast done his;
For thou hast been my son.—Oh, gracious Heav'n!
Thou that has endless blessings still in store
For virtue, and for filial piety,
Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away,
But multiply thy mercies on his head,
Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,
And peace in all his ways.—[*He dies.*]

Alt. Take, take it all;

To thee, Horatio, I resign the gift,

While

While I pursue my father and my love,
And find my only portion in the grave.

Hor. The storm of grief bears hard upon his youth,
And bends him like a drooping flower to earth.

Raise him and bear him in. [*Altamont is carried off.*]

By such examples are we taught to prove
The sorrows that attend unlawful love;
Death, or some worse misfortunes, soon divide
The injur'd bridegroom from his guilty bride:
If you would have the nuptial union last,
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast.

[*Exeunt omnes* *.]

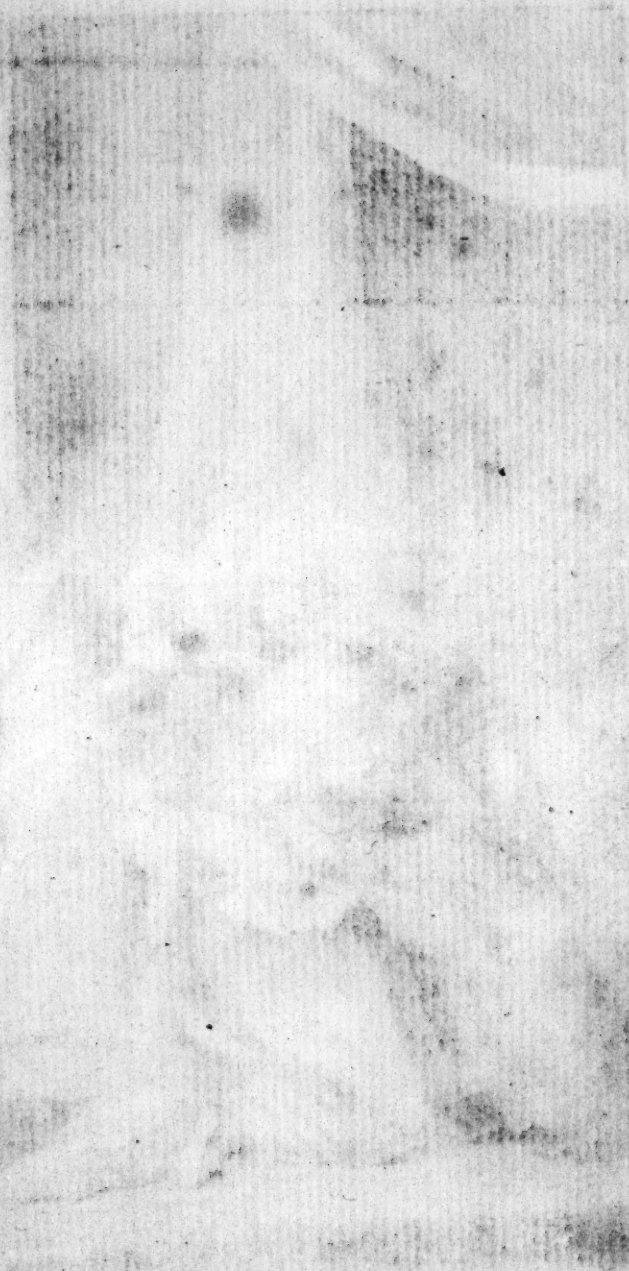
* The tragedy of the FAIR PENITENT is one of the most finished performances of Mr Rowe; and is so well known, and so frequently performed, that little need be said of it here, more than that the ground work is built on the FATAL DOWRY of Massinger. The character of Sciolto, the father, is strongly marked; and that of Horatio, which is the most amiable of all characters, is so sustained, as to strike an audience very forcibly. Calista, it has been observed, deserves rather to be called the Fair Wanton, than the Fair Penitent; for she discovers not one pang of remorse till the last act, and even then her distress seems to result more from a sense of shame, than from any consciousness of guilt.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs BRACEGIRDLE, who played LAVINIA.

YOU see the tripping dame could find no favour,
 Dearly she paid for breach of good behaviour,
 Nor could her loving husband's fondness save her. }
 Italian ladies lead but scurvy lives,
 There's dreadful dealing with eloping wives;
 Thus 'tis, because these husbands are obey'd
 By force of laws which for themselves they made.
 With tales of old prescription they confine }
 The right of marriage-rule to their male line,
 And huff and domineer by right divine.
 Had we the pow'r, we'd make the tyrants know
 What 'tis to fail in duties which they owe;
 We'd teach the saunt'ring 'squire, who loves to roam,
 Forgetful of his own dear spouse at home,
 Who snores at night supinely by her side,
 'Twas not for this the nuptial knot was ty'd.
 The plodding petty-fogger and the cit
 Have learn'd at least this modern way of wit:
 Each ill-bred senseless rogue, tho' ne'er so dull,
 Has th' impudence to think his wife a fool;
 He spends the night, where merry wags resort,
 With joking clubs and eighteen-penny Port;
 While she, poor soul, contented to regale,
 By a sad sea coal fire, with wigs and ale:
 Well may the cuckold making tribe find grace,
 And fill an absent husband's empty place.
 If you wou'd ere bring constancy in fashion,
 You men must first begin the reformation.
 Then shall the golden age of love return,
 No turtle for her wand'ring mate shall mourn,
 No foreign charms shall cause domestic strife,
 But ev'ry married man shall toast his wife;
 Phillis shall not be to the country sent,
 For Carnivals in town, to keep a tedious Lent:
 Lampoons shall cease, and envious scandal die,
 And all shall live in peace, like my good man and I.

THE END



1851